Let Us Take an Old Lantern from the Heavens and Bring That Light Down to Earth

(Draft/Manuscript)

Poems

- Brian Edwards

2025

1.

I find myself
out here
beside a meadow
in such bright
Moonlight
perhaps the brightest
Moonlight
I've ever seen
it's hard for me
to remember
yet this very well
could be
the brightest
if it isn't
then it certainly
must be in
the top five
of the most
Moonlit nights
I have ever seen
and I say this
with all sincerity

***

-7/20/2025

2.

Tomorrow
it's back
to the office
though I'd probably
rather be
wandering around
in a desert
taking my chances
with the snakes
and scorpions
over the minutiae
of the office
during regular
business hours

***

- 7/20/2025

3.

Many will tell me
what they know
without knowing
there are concepts
revelations
beyond
our humble eyes
mind
and soul
that they are
without knowing of
while they
are in this world
yet there are many
who will tell me
what they know
without knowing
I just accept it all
for what it is
and let
my own thoughts
drift away
up to a cloud

***

- 7/20/2025

4.

Those holding
the scepter
also sometimes
seek to sell you
some kind
of magical elixir
as heavy fog
descends upon
the city streets
I go to the window
in my apartment
I open it
I look around
the fog is heavy
yet there is
little doubt
in my mind
that I see the late
nineteenth-century
across the street
directly across
through the window
of an apartment
opposite my own
I believe
I see you there
reading a book
of poems
perhaps this very one
in the twenty-first
century
across the street
and through
the fog

***

- 7/20/2025

5.

Another day
has ended
in the strange realm
that I find
myself in
I shattered
my own concept
of reality
many years ago
I tried to put it
back together again
piece by piece
yet that was
all in vain
I should have
known better
yet desperation
can often
drive a mind
into such a frenzy
and so I have lived
these past few years
with a notion
of reality
that was
already broken
and was merely
patched back together
the presence
of other realities
always flowing
through me
I am partly here
and partly
in many other places
all at the same time

***

- 7/20/2025

6.

Soon
glowing water
will be pouring
out of
the garden fountain
calm... it is
still so calm here
in this early hour
not too far away
I hear the sound
of the ocean
everything here
conveys remembrance
remembrance of
the beginning
of the world
celestial night
fades .... fades
the east
growing brighter
a day
a new day
is shining its light

***

- 7/21/2025

7.

The star
sings a song
through its fire
through its light
across the field
there is such quiet
it is
an immaculate quiet
from someplace
beyond us
though it's quiet
the quiet
and the star song
compliment each other
as the daylight
is fading
that tapestry
of the stars
is revealed
the star song
reaches down
to the tall grass
and is carried upon
a gentle wind

***

- 7/21/2025

8.

I wasn't sure
if the candlelight
was a dream
when I saw it
I awoke thinking
of withered flowers
I had seen
that morning
time did not
matter to me anymore
though I knew
it was approaching
like a storm
across a tundra
I knew that
I could never
escape time
yet I figured
I could rebel
against its decrees

***

- 7/21/2025

9.

There has been
many an act taken
that did not reflect
any higher meaning
the purpose
of something
can be like
the sand
within an hourglass
I used to reflect upon
the direction
of the wind
sometimes I still do
old habits
can become
like familiar statues
I saw the freedom
that I've been
searching for
reflected in my mirror
waiting for me
to reach it some day

***

- 7/21/2025

10.

I see the horizon
at dawn
quite often
there is a place
a direction
in this world
where I can
still find enchantment
the world is rife
with too many
complications
yet that dawn horizon
spells it all out
in such a simple
and lovely way
even if I lose
everything one day
I'd still have something
if I awake
early enough
to behold
that horizon at dawn
for I know
the light of the world
can be found there

***

- 7/21/2025

11.

I am no longer
a believer
in the political
I prefer
the whimsical
I prefer
the dynamic
and mystical
I prefer
the Northern Lights
seen through
my kitchen window
I prefer something
just any simple something
if it ain't political
I prefer
the alignment
of the planets
over the political
I prefer cobwebs
in the old
wooden toolshed
over the political
I believe in being
as awake and joyful
as you can be
the political
often doesn't allow this
that's why I prefer
the salty air
of the sea
over anything
political

***

- 7/21/2025

12.

I feel disconnected
from this
year of the crow
alone out in
the desert of time
perhaps I've wandered
too far
perhaps my time
was way back
way back on
the trail
that brought me
to this hour
sometimes
people don't recognize me
sometimes they do
and they just
say nothing
this year
is a carnival
of crazy
feeling so disconnected
from this year
of the crow

***

- 7/22/2025

13.

As the morning sky
grows brighter
the Moon
still up there
in the sky
could tell you
a thousand stories
and I tend
not to make wishes
anymore
only sometimes
when I see
a shooting star
and I've always known
that the flame
of the candle
holds much significance
there are many things
that I've come to know
by my own discovery
and there are
many things I've learned
listening to the subtle
cosmic transmissions
originating
from the constellations

***

- 7/22/2025

14.

Fate can be
a cruel
three-headed dog
a sparrow
that spits fire
fate can be
a hydra
mixed in with traffic
fate with all
its insurance fees
you can't afford
right now
fate can be
a cruel reminder
a clown
with a smirk
a court jester
so very drunk
in the hour
of the candelabra

***

- 7/22/2025

15.

I'm wandering
I'm wandering
under the big
old Moon tonight
I'm wandering
I'm wandering
to behold
such a sight
I've got a canteen
full of wine
and just four strings
on my guitar
I'm wandering
I'm wandering
not knowing
how far
I'll roam
my hour of joy
has come and gone
for the night
and there's not
much else to say
I'll keep wandering
I'll keep wandering
until I see
the first glow
of that
bright new day

***

- 7/22/2025

16.

I do not realize
I do not
entirely understand
yet I go onward
into the dark woods
for at least here
I may feel something
of the depth of time
it is here
I come to know of
a timeless atmosphere
I cannot explain it
I simply perceive it
I know not how
the quiet
sacred moments
prevail here
in this dark woods
full of
so much memory

***

- 7/23/2025

17.

These thoughts
caught in the woods
blown across
a tundra
my eyes see
what they see
visions I cannot
comprehend or control
they rise within me
like a tide
rising in Moonlight
in the spaces between
each blade
of tall grass
there it is
the memories
of this world

***

- 7/23/2025

18.

The haze of time
has obscured much
and through it
I can now
see so very little
wandering through
the labyrinth
of each passing day
I am guided along
by the memory
of a place
I long to be

***

- 7/23/2025

19.

I beheld
the anger of the sea
most recently
I was reminded
that the world
of land
was but one side
of a great coin
and I beheld
the arrival of winter
even before
the last summer rain
of this year
this year
when more
and more thorns
seemed to grow
and become immortal

***

- 7/23/2025

20.

Tonight's sky
at twilight
reminded me
of so many
radiant ones
I've seen
throughout the course
of my life
as so many days
have passed by
lost to numbing routines
and the soot
of passing time
and toil
so many twilights
I have missed
yet not this one
this one will blaze
in my memory
for I had not
forgotten entirely
all the radiant ones
I've seen
down through
the years

***

- 7/23/2025

I let fly a tune
into the yonder above
the bright blue
with clouds
that seem
like kingdoms
of rejoicing
I let fly a tune
into the yonder above
into a sky
that fills me
with thoughts
of infinity
I find that I cannot
dream of
what's below
as I have dreamt
of what's above
palaces..... castles
cathedrals
I see them all
up there
atop those
bright.... bright
clouds in the sky

***

-

A little bit
of the eternal song
is in my soul tonight
as quiet streets
await tomorrow
as the stars above
remind us
of our place
in the eternal
ocean of time
I am here
with pen in hand
waiting for
the illuminated thought
looking across a room
that is quiet
and solitary
yet I have
a little bit
of harmony within
a measure of fulfillment
is still there
as tonight I hear
the eternal song

***

- 7/23/2025

23.

I have heard
these whispers
in a dark room
I hear them
yet I understand little
when I fall asleep
I seek
a blissful exile
I seek to cross
an astral threshold
I want to be
where I can see
the starry cloudiness
of galaxies
I want to be
where grandfather clocks
may still enchant us
I want to be
where ocean and land
converge amidst
an illuminated sea-mist

***

- 7/23/2025

24.

I feel the silence
like a growing wind
in the afternoon
the soil beneath my feet
can sense that
I'm looking for something
scenes out here
in nature
that could
become paintings
in their own right
I no longer carry
a Sundial
within my imagination
as I once did
I feel no need
to know the exact hour
a general sense
is good enough
for this old drifter
and so I look to
that part of the sky
that will be aglow
full of colors
when twilight arrives
the colors of
a fading day

***

- 7/24/2025

25.

I was never
a jack-tar
nor a minotaur
I was always
the disillusioned dreamer
trying to make myself
drunk on an idealism
I pulled out of
the vast distances
between the stars
I always saw myself
living on a mountain
I still do
I still believe
it must happen someday
even if it takes
a thousand years
I was always
the one
who would
stop and stare
at the reflection
of Moonlight
dancing upon
a flowing river
I was always
the one
to become enchanted
by such little scenes

***

- 7/24/2025

An old rusty
weathervane
in a blue sky
of dawn
upon the last day
upon the day
of the medieval harvest
upon the day
when we can
comprehend
just a little
how ancient
the stars truly are
an old rusty
weathervane
in a blue sky
a sky that looks like
it was painted
by Bosch
an old rusted
weathervane
that has been
down through
the nine circles
and back
an old rusty
weathervane
that tells you
from which direction
the next omen
will appear

***

- 7/24/2025

27.

Bring me
to the night's
boundary
bring me to
the evergreens
in the forest
of centuries
long past
bring me to
the valley
that the dreamer
knows so well
without explanation
bring me to
the dawn's first
and last moments
bring me to
the quiet river
bring me to where
an old plow rest
in a field
of tall grass

***

- 7/24/2025

28.

To that valley
I'll be going
after
the morning rain
passes
after the Sunlight
breaks through
when once again
the mountains
seem to reach
for the sky
to that valley
I'll be going
no long goodbyes
I'll see you again
when my journey's over
we'll be together again
across that valley
once the storms
of this life
pass us by

***

- 7/24/2025

29.

I've been
kicked around
so much this year
days of drudgery
nights alone
staring at dusty walls
hearing echoes
down those
darkened hallways
remembering things
thirty years gone
like they
were yesterday
I had hoped
it'd be a brighter one
but the storm clouds
seem to cling to me
this year
kicked around
by such a heartless year
full of cobra fangs
and raven tears

***

- 7/24/2025

30.

The day
of the Sundial
appears
before my eyes
revealing the hour
in a Cosmic age
I have been drifting
down that
dream river
now I am drifting
among the sage
now I behold
the mountaintop
of Sun-fire
now I feel everything
carried to me
upon the morning breeze
the Sundial
has revealed to me
a shadow
of the future
into the desert
I wander towards
my beloved mirage

***

- 7/25/2025

31.

I just can't
seem to escape
the dog-day Moon
bright oasis
of tranquility
high above
this lonesome
darkened room
it brings me
what it can
it's the only light
here I see
the light of
the dog-day Moon
bringing some light
down here to me
where I be
in the darkness
bringing some light
down here to me
in the cold darkness
a solitary room
where shadows
grow like trees
where some memories
linger like storm clouds
in the dark
of this lonesome room
where the only light
that I can see
is the light
of the dog-day Moon
shining down on me

***

- 7/26/2025

32.

That big hawk
I've seen
on the roof
nine times
in a row now
at Sunrise
that big hawk
on the roof
staring at the dawn
of a new day
I've been
joining him out there
with a coffee
and a smoke
both of us waiting
for the world
to get brighter
waiting for
the light
of the world
to be seen
when all is
still quiet
when there's only
that big hawk
on the roof
and me
out there
in the first
morning glow
saying goodbye
to whatever dream
had found us
in the night
that fades away
in the new day's light

***

- 7/26/2025

33.

She doesn't
remember me
I'd wager
she doesn't
remember me
I'd say
all those memories
those days
of winter and spring
seem so far away
up there.... up there
in the yonder
that sets us free
eventually
she doesn't remember me
I'd wager
and I've learned
to accept a thing
as true
her eyes of twilight
her hair
of raven night
how I remember
how I remember
her face
each and every night
though I know
she doesn't remember
and now
and now all the candles
in the solitary place
have all gone out

***

- 7/26/2025

34.

Just working
one more day
then I've got Sunday
all my own
I'll go out
wandering
in the Pines
in search of that
shining beauty
of a vision there
I'll go wandering
where the Sunlight
touches pine
where such
mysterious dreams
linger in the air
along the trails
I'll take the way
going north
along the stream
where memories
are reflected
in the water
like all my years
flowing by
right before my eyes

***

- 7/26/2025

35.

Knowing I
knowing you
knowing we
in the Moonlight
abandoned
in the Moonlight
we get to keep
in the Moonlight
that never fades
never vanishes
at the break
of dawn
knowing we
knowing you
knowing I
basking
in that light
from the sky
this light from above
that's now ours
making even brighter
our days and nights
no more dark
dreary nights
we've got the light
light..... light
Moonlight abandoned
ours now to keep
for all the seasons
that are awaiting

***

- 7/27/2025

36.

Waking up
to a dark night
a low Moon
a quiet city
the streets quiet
in a windless hour
the world
still asleep
except for me
waking up
with all the shadows
I keep with me
out on the balcony
looking down
on a city
yet to awaken
looking to the horizon
for the first
signs of day
if tonight
I had a dream
I didn't know it
if I do tomorrow
I'll try and
hold onto it
yet some dreams
have a habit
of slipping away

***

- 7/27/2025

37.

The starry ..... starry
road before me
down that road
that'll take me
to that ocean of stars
driving straight through
the long night
down the old road
that takes you
to the edge of dreams
in this country
in this land
touched by
the starry hand
knowing that
which I seek
what now is strong
was once so meek
when I reach
that starry sea
I'll look behind me
and wave goodbye
to all the days
gone by

***

- 7/27/2025

38.

Wandering in
this symphony's
perfumed hour
gold is gold
and wind is wind
in a flash
of lightning
I beheld the measure
wandering in
this symphony's hour
rain and more rain
heals the pain
of bittersweet thorns
forlorn was I
and knowing well
the boatman leaves
at Sunrise
on that journey
to the quiet temple
in this symphony's hour
as the crows speak
of philosophy

***

- 7/28/2025

39.

I laughed
as the approaching fog
consumed
you can't take it all
too seriously
counting peacock feathers
I found upon
the Moon
the river flows
and flows
while singing
such a subtle melody
now I have
my reasons
for drifting
so far from home
eternity can sure
be a place
and when it's glowing
you'll know
you've been there
and you're never alone
now I laugh
and laugh
as fog
comes rolling in
world .... with all
your miseries and joys
won't you save me
before
the last dance begins

***

- 7/27/2025

40.

I saw an icy winter
when it was still
the first days of spring
a premonition
an omen
what I've seen
I can't pretend
to unsee
I followed a sparrow
down the trail
to a clearing
and there I saw
appearing
the wisemen
of the age
bringing news
from the valley
up yonder
in the sky
up yonder
where eagles fly
a place
with many names

***

- 7/27/2025

41.

Looking out upon
this dream sea
looking out upon
mirages and islands
looking upon
a giant feather
falling from the sky
my truth is
that uncertainty
always surrounds me
my truth is where
the sea touches land
I go along
not wishing
for answers
knowing that if
I found any
I would only
be deceived
such is my
wintertime
having appeared
before its arrival
I see ice forming
in a lightning storm
of summer

***

- 7/27/2025

42.

Dreams
shadows
and dark roses
I've known them
all before
bringing me
into the light
then casting me
into darkness
I've seen it all
play out
I've seen it all
go down
I've seen it all
bring a star
down to Earth
and shine upon
the roses I see
then where
will you be
then where
will you be
when the sand
of the hourglass
runs out
I'll be with
the dark roses
with the dark thorns
that collect
a bounty of pain
from me

***

- 7/27/2025

Dark-haired
raven Queen
didn't I see you
see you in
my midnight dream
with your eyes
of deceiving flames
didn't I hear
your name
whispered upon
the wind
under a Moonlit sky
in a valley of shadows
have you come
to collect
your bounty again
I only live to be
haunted by you now
so let us dance again
let us dance
in the Moonlight
let us dance
in this valley of shadows

***

- 7/28/2025

44.

Never looking
to feel at home
in this storm cloud
I called out to you
under the evening star's
dim light
light of many ages
you called me back
you called me back
then sent me alone
into the desert wind
vision of the sages
omen of a thousand dreams
what do you see
when you look
within your cauldron
am I there
staring back
from the abyss of tears
I've been waiting
all these years
I am the storm cloud
of your desert

***

- 7/28/2025

45.

Feeling it
again and again
that feeling that
this road
will never change
brought before
your altar
of a flower
and a candle
glowing bright
I wander aimless
going nowhere
night after night
you with your hemlock
in your locket
you with an asp
in your basket
dust of comets
fallen tears
you won't sting me now
the deed is already done
feeling it
again and again
I've no fear
of the darkness
I've seen in your eyes
I only fear
that in me
which doesn't realize
to love you
is a fate
of hopeless solitude
through all the years
I've learned to see
farther down
that road ahead

***

- 7/28/2025

46.

Staring down
an albatross
lost in a sea
of memory
all of those bells
ringing
through the fog
this hour
is an hour
like none
that ever was
islands crafted
by Olympian fingers
when goddess eyes
summon the tides
when mermaids awaken
and swim for your soul
you'll remember
the Sunrise
over the ocean
each moment
of forever

***

- 7/29/2025

47.

I see the light
up a ways
I see a candle
through the haze
I see the light
that'll guide me
through this maze
I see the stars
up in the sky
and I never hear them
question why
they're just
shining bright
all through the night
my guiding light
through this worldly maze
I never know
when it'll end
I just know
someday it will
as long as that light
shines still
my guiding light
shining through
the dark of night

***

- 7/29/2025

48.

I see the hourglass
and I know
there's little chance
it'll let me go
to those islands
beyond
the horizon of time
where there's flowing wine
and minstrels divine
I'd like to be
if that hourglass
would set me free
yet cold is fate
like an icy gate
closed to the wanderer
of winter
where frozen fields
of snow covered grass
inspire little hope
for the mercy
of the hourglass

***

- 7/29/2025

49.

So it is
and so it was
in a place
from long ago
the essence
of something spectacular
clung like dew
like a far away
dream now it seems
I hardly recognize
these fields
of the morning now
they don't have
the sparkle
that I once knew
so it was
and now
so it is
things come full circle
light shines
through the trees
somethings
just keep the same
somethings
get lost in the woods
eventually
as time will swing
its old scythe again

***

- 7/30/2025

50.

Today was a scorcher
late July
and now
it's evening
and not much better
outside
crickets chirp
in the fading light
a reminder
that they will prevail
in the end
they will be
the ones
still around
the last rulers
of the night

***

- 7/30/2025

51.

So it begins again
another night
where the toad
is crowned emperor
and I don't recall
having dreamt
of anything
for the last
six months or more
I've lost the ability
to dream
though I know
I had it once
and out there
somewhere
not too far away
upon a tree stump
there is an ant
working a little harder
than it needs to
at this hour

***

- 7/30/2025

52.

Sometimes I question
if things still have
that feeling
of being anointed
by the essence
of a blue Sunny sky
I testify to myself
that I am uncertain
about so very much
I feel the wind
of little hurricanes
from the wings
of sparrows
as they fly by
in early morning light
the old grandfather clock
speaks a truth
that part of us
will always seek
to remember
and I remember
my naive
childhood notions
of eternity
I didn't know much then
I still don't
know much now
I follow the course
of a few stars
across the night sky
on their trajectory
across the distant
frozen north

***

- 7/31/2025

53.

What could
and couldn't be
hit me
like a kicking horse
so many nights
spent staring
into the darkness
thinking about
what couldn't be
like a kicking horse
I awoke
to the same sense
of futility
and now
here we are
many a year
has gone by
as morning light
shines through
a dirty window
in the sea of time

***

- 7/31/2025

54.

I drift
into a field
upon a morning wind
at a time
just before
the rain
quiet and calm
abound
tall blades of grass
are as tall blades
of grass
always are
and time is
as time
always is
just before
the rain

***

- 8/1/2025

55.

Away I go
to a valley
in a dream
across the threshold
of tomorrow
across that
flowing mountain stream
away I go
to where
the Sunflowers
are like
little reflections
of the Sun
in that
golden hour light
I'll be away
within a dream
so now
don't lose heart
don't hang on
to bitter tears
just as I do
you've got
your own
golden valley
waiting somewhere
waiting
just for you

***

-8/1/2025

56.

Going to
the farthest point
going around
the bend again
going to where
Andromeda can be seen
in the fading light
of dusk
going to where
the fireflies gather
where the raccoons
come out of hiding
where the world
can still remember
what it was
meant to be
around the bend again
to the Milky Way's
center
out to the light
of a thousand
lightyears beyond

***

- 8/1/2025

57.

Under a pale Moon
I quickly saw how soon
a vision can appear
at will
and linger there still
as the butterfly
emerges from the cocoon
so wildly
so without rigid form
so like a storm
a flash of lightning
is born
and is seen
in this world
for only
a brief moment
if it is
ever seen at all

***

- 8/5/2025

I seek the music
of star clusters
I want my feet to know
that they are walking
upon uneven ground
I wish to know
the sound again
of the bird
singing within
the snowglobe
so patiently
I have waited
for Valhalla to appear
amidst the meadow grass
I would be amazed
if one day
I did not receive
in the mailbox
more news
and revelations
of my growing debt
I have found
sixteen thousand
dream violets
in a field
of the morning
with such cosmic light
that only
the Cosmos
can shine forth

***

- 8/5/2025

Now I look into
a temple of air
there are no boundaries
anymore
that separate me
from what
my imagination conjures
and so I look upon
the starry heavens
even though
it is still
only mid-day
and the Sun
is high and bright
an inferno
of ancient wind
I wander about
and pull weeds
for I would not
wish them
to spread around
too much
we must try
and keep a balance
for as long
as we can
balance is the key
to everything
accept of course
to the things
balance is not
the key to

***

-8/6/2025

60.

Sweet rose
of the Sunset
sweet serpent fangs
of the spring
what will
winter bring
those wolf eyes
those wolf teeth
and the howling
the howling
at the Moon
the Full Moon
the brightest Moon
like a dreamworld
above
we'll dream
and dream
while serpent's eyes
glow

***

- 8/6/2025

61.

Set free
the dove
so that it may
fly to the Moon
and escape
this prison
of taxes
and gravity
set free
the tarantula
let it wander off
into the desert
and be free
from technology
and vertigo
set free
the turtle
so that it may
climb up the hill
of discarded
beer bottles

***

- 8/6/2025

62.

The night itself
is drifting along
like reeds
fallen into
a river
we danced around
the campfire
for hours
until we had forgotten
everything we knew
from off in the distance
echoes reached
our ears
through the darkness
words full
of lantern light
we then knew
that there were
other philosopher's
out there
their views
and opinions
about the ideal society
travelled across
the vast expanse
of our imagination
and so the night
drifted along
like reeds
floating in water

***

- 8/7/2025

There is absolutely
something that
I must rectify
not knowing
what it is exactly
does create
something
of a predicament
for me
as off in the distance
I see hot air balloons
rising toward
cloud dreams
and if it seems
like I am here
waiting to hear
a symphony
waiting for
a symphony to begin
I never could
quite explain
my passion
for celestial music
I walk among
the Sunflowers
in the mid-day light
I await something
that is beyond
the everyday expectations
of these moments

***

- 8/7/2025

64.

I see too many mask
hiding in the shadows
not every afternoon
but a good number
especially in summer
upon the closing
of my eyes
I had a vision
of a lizard
in a desert
a connection
with a distant time
the vase
on the fireplace
mantle
contains nothing
just empty space
and an expectation
for something botanical
and pleasant

***

- 8/7/2025

65.

At last I saw
the stars of twilight
I saw the incense
of a memory
drifting upwards
towards where
Orion would soon
be revealed
at last I saw
a fork in the road
each direction
taking me to
an unknown destination
I was simply
in country
I've never been
when all was
said and done
I chose to move
in the direction
of the star
I found
most enchanting

***

- 8/7/2025

66.

A morning bird
is now singing
of what I wonder
surely there is
an intension
behind this song
surely there is
an answer
to this question
yet mysteries linger
in my small room
as they always have
the dust settles
the lightbulb
slowly grows dimmer
the songs
of other birds
begin to
fill the sky
how they do compliment
the early
morning light
so well

***

- 8/8/2025

67.

I do not see it
written in the sky
with a feather pen
the answers
to questions
that have been
lost to time
the empty blue sky
does not hold
within it
hieroglyphics
that point to
a revelation
concerning such things
I do not see it
yet this does not mean
that there are
no answers
hidden somewhere
most likely
somewhere close by

***

-8/8/2025

68.

Listening
to the stars
speak through
their light
an old owl
upon a tree branch
can see through
the centuries
a mouse
sneaks about
looking for
the most
immaculate crumb
fireflies
pierce the darkness
I think back
to all all those nights
in past years
when I sought sanctuary
in a dark
quiet woods
looking for Moonlight
that wasn't there

***

- 8/8/2025

69.

The wheel
keeps spinning
leaving ruts
in the grass
those who defy it
just find more ruts
in the end
is a symbol
of a thousand
different
societal norms
pulled from the soil
of the land
I would have thought
I'd be even more
crazy by now
considering
I have thought
so much
about how time
is like
how a candle's flame
dwindling down

***

- 8/8/2025

70.

And so
they may see us
as wheat
bending
in a breeze
and so they may
see us
as seashells awash
repeatedly by waves
a simple circumstances
of proximity
and so they may
see us
as falling leaves
in late Autumn
thinking it is
our time to fall
and be blown along
the path
by the wind

***

- 8/8/2025

71.

Allow the medallion
to swing before you
allow yourself
to be hypnotized
or allow it
to not be so
I walk through
the garden gate
and straight into
a momentary brightness
the Sun
this very hour
shines like
a beacon of
creation itself
a thousand visions
flood into my soul
I behold
a thousand islands
in a blue sea
where exile
would be a blessing
a blue sea
a blue sea
the light
glistening upon
the waves
like starlight
like starlight

***

- 8/9/2025

For there are
those of us
who can see
the horizon afar
there are those
of us
who on occasion
may catch a glimpse
of a Sunrise
a hundred years
from now
there are those
who can recognize
that it is a light
that has yet
to shine
in this world
and yet
it does shine
somewhere
so very much

***

- 8/9/2025

73.

Do not linger
so long
in the early mist
out in the Pines
for you may
find it to be so
that you wish
not to return
do not linger
so long
in the early mist
out there
for you may
find it to be
as enchanting
as I do
you may see something
out there
through the mist
and wish
to be a part of it
forever
you may not wish
to return
to this society
with all of its
commotion and concern
its continual worries
about money
if you linger
you may wish
to stay
with what it is
you have seen
through the mist
in the Pine

***

-8/9/2025

74.

Where did
all the old vitality
that I once had go
that I once had
I ask myself
this question
quite a lot
these days
these memories
seem to float on by
like leaves
fallen into a river
so many
seem more distant
to me now
I believe
the truth of it is
time is the river
that I see
the leaves represent
the memories
the days
the years
that are
moving farther
and farther away
time is the water
that is always
flowing
flowing towards
a larger body
of water
water that
is time
time beyond
where my eyes can see

***

- 8/9/2025

75.

So I saw you
so I saw you there
by the edge
of the river
under the fountain
of starlight
I saw you there
I saw you there
and you showed me
a dream
that you had chosen
to make real
there was a time
I would not have
believed it
yet it's the truth
you often
find yourself
down those roads
you never
would have expected
now we are brought
back together again
by the edge
of the river
under the fountain
of starlight

***

- 8/10/2025

76.

I did nothing
this day
but drift away
from the Earth
in my thoughts
in my emotions
a tempest there was
and I sought
to calm it
by drifting away
from the Earth
into azure realms
free of memory
free of anything
but for a calm peace
and the wonder
of what lies ahead

***

- 8/10/2025

77.

I feel
the cold air
of Winter
though it is summer
I seek no explanation
the cold air
of winter
has its own place
in the Universe
and it may
visit the Earth
when it wishes
and last night
I had another dream
that disappeared
as soon as
I opened my eyes
it is
entirely gone now
the memory
the details of it
I only know
that I was dreaming
for I remember
thinking to myself
within the dream
thinking about
the realization
that this was a dream
most uncertain of this
for a brief time

***

- 8/10/2025

78.

Tonight
insomnia has arrived
to collect
its bounty
I say nothing
how in vain
that would be
the bounty
is always taken
regardless
of whether or not
I wish it so
I do not
drink with insomnia
I do not
drink alone either
I do not
drink at all
anymore
how in vain
that would be
as I go about
this world
between ice ages
between harvest
I say nothing
I do nothing
while insomnia
plays its fiddle

***

- 8/11/2025

79.

Insomnia
again.... Tuesday
morning
very early
still dark outside
a hot
August night
the insects
rule the kingdom
out there
this hour
insomnia
is back again
its carnival
is happening
right now
a bitter outcome
is left undetermined
the lack of sleep
has driven
the orchestra
of serenity
away

***

- 8/12/2025

80.

A summer
full of daggers
the needle's eye
of a curse
all of my
former good luck
has been cast
into a snake pit
what can I do
the world
grabs a hold of you
and drags you along
for the misery ride
so I'll go
and hide
so I'll go
and be unseen
by anyone
for a thousand years
earthquakes
hurricanes
wind mills
collapsing
in fields
of tulips

***

- 8/12/2025

81.

So I find myself
listening
to all of the insects
out there
beyond these walls
in the world
of night
so I find myself here
so I believe
that destiny
has carried me here
like a raft
upon a flowing river
this is
a waking dream
it is not
born of the false reality
it is born of
the world
of the night
as beyond these walls
and windows
that convey
a false sense
of separation
the buzzing
the grinding
the seemingly
electrified wings
subtle movements
in the darkness
this to is
the cacophony
of ages yet to be

***

- 8/12/2025

Feeling the allure
of the wine
though I can't partake
lost in a musical maze
that was waiting
at the end
of my street
alone I find myself
in a time
of the Blood Moon
laughter
singing
driving away despair
with smoke
and candles
born in a place
where tides recede
they're always
staring at me
the crows
of the Autumn season
and all the blessings
offerings
the bounty
of the harvest
alone I find myself
in this place
of the Blood Moon's
red glow
fallen
fallen
deeper into
an inverted dream
windows opening
to glaring
diamond stars
listening to Cosmic
mariner songs
on an old
vintage radio

***

- 8/12/2025

A lost city
in a false dream
of cheers
can't you tell
the time
don't you know
the last hour
is near
the purpose
of being
a true soul
is revealed to you
can't you see
lost city
with a flaming chariot
above you
candles
Northern Lights
icicles getting longer
time sharpening
its cavalry sword
brought into the light
upon a hazy day
of the raven

***

- 8/12/2025

84.

Minotaurs
of the night
wandering
in the vineyards
grapes of solace
easing the longing
tomorrow
I'll be back
at the day job
listening while
their omens
are read aloud
prophecy
is a door
to the foggy field
by now
the minotaurs
are drunk on wine
their joy
can be dangerous
to the passing
troubadour
seek out
your scarecrow wisely
don't mix your words
with wizardry
see the hawk
flying above its home
bring your pocket watch
to keep the time
of the passing ages

***

- 8/12/2025

85.

Little lost sheep
in a valley
of lost cities
this world's tapestry
full of the same
injustice
what do we see
staring back
in the mirror
here I am
full of the hope
of a future
candle's light
eyes of the cat
alleyways that lead
to a desert
and a cactus
under a bright Moon
little lost sheep
lost in
a metropolitan valley
and so we go again
circling around
the cobra pretends
to be something
other than itself
street lights sparkle
in the haze
of Calypso's dream
little lost sheep
of the valley
moving still
towards that
promised day

***

- 8/13/2025

86.

I believe
in an oasis
I once saw
in a vision
I believe
that my star map
can guide me there
at water's edge
Atlantic Ocean
the city
where I was born
just there
through the sea-mist
on the horizon
the bright awakening
of the east
and the solace
that I've made it
this far
through the tempest
and the shipwrecks
I remain
one who speaks poetry
into the wind

***

- 8/13/2025

87.

On the HAM radio
talking with OZ
I gaze out
across this city
all the rooftops
so many antennas
connecting with
the satellites
of tomorrow
moving across the dial
speaking with those
of the Emerald City
I have been listening
to the music
of the east
a Sunrise
and the music
of the west
at twilight
I have been following
The Yellow Brick Road
all of my life
fulfilling
my own destiny
my beloved destination
awaits
glowing with the light
of emerald imagination

***

- 8/13/2025

88.

So now
I follow
the dream river
into the dream-Sun
and there
I will laugh
and admire
many sparkling things
of creation fire
so bright shall be
the mornings there
though where I'll be
morning is more
of a recollection
for there would
not be
any morning
upon the Sun
yet I would indeed
recall it often
with much affection

***

- 8/13/2025

Radiance
summer radiance
looking like
a rising balloon
you look so pleasing
yet you leave
your tripwire
everywhere
I've gone out
into the wild wind
I've gone out
onto the open sea
words of blossoms
thorns and soil
words of steel towers
and open windows
immaculate
illusion of the Sun
with your
Venetian mask
I get to know you
in the summer time
and then you're gone
and then
the cold moves in
with scenes of snow
ice .... and frozen ponds

***

- 8/14/2025

90.

Seeing
that river bend
and flow
under the great fire
of the morning Sun
now I see it
how I see it all
so marvelously
all there is
to behold
as the river
flows on and on
sparkling gems
jewels
and diamonds
of creation
seeing that river
bend and flow
with its near perfection
beneath stars
and Cosmos eternal

***

- 8/14/2025

91.

Symmetry
of the chosen path
I awake this morning
to find
such a fog
across the bay
did a pleasant dream
happen to find you
while you were sleeping
such riddles
they sometimes are
like sparrows
in trees
like caterpillars
longing to fly
let us go on now
for tomorrow's wine
awaits

***

- 8/14/2025

92.

The crickets
will hold
the scepter
in the end
when all
is said and done
when we're not even
a memory
around here anymore
the crickets
will be
establishing empires
ruling the night
with that
chirping sound
of theirs
there will just be
that chirping
for ages and ages
and ages
of time
yet to be

***

- 8/15/2025

93.

Out on
the balcony
early
the eastern sky
just beginning
to glow
and I know
it's out there
up in the glowing sky
the bridge between
all of these
many different
points in time
it's up there
in the first
morning light
the glowing light
it captivates me
once again
as it always has
and always will

***

- 8/16/2025

94.

Ocean
of Moonlight
reflection
dancing upon waves
the sound
of another world's
ocean
can be heard
if you place
the right seashell
up to your ear
and listen
for we are all
connected
in a dream
more vast
than our knowing
we are all connected
by the seashells
of our oceans

***

- 8/16/2025

Does your candle
light the path
in your dreams
dark forest
of werewolf eyes
do you recognize me
from the past
does the mist
seem to follow you
obscuring the way
the edge of dreamlands
at dawn
you just barely
catch a quick glimpse
does your candle
light the eternity
you've stumbled upon
so wisely

***

- 8/1/2025

96.

Get yourself going
to that oasis
of nine to five
sarcasm swings here
like a pendulum
beyond .... I can hear
the raven sing
midnight
Moonlight
medallions
and mirrors
moving along
to the harmony
of the stars
bring your light
bring your
melting ice
bring your oracles
bring your prophecies
and your Sundial

***

- 8/1/2025

97.

Sitting out
on the balcony
sipping coffee
in early light
reflecting upon
all that has
gone before
and all that is
still yet to be
I hear the subtle
thunder-like sound
of trucks
going down
the road close by
a bird sings
above all the others
and there are
a few others
singing
yet one stands
above them all
one is pouring
their heart and sold
into it
a little more
and the glow
in the eastern sky
is a fiery glow
a fiery glow
that brings the world
that old kind of magic

***

- 8/1/2025

Another day
that started out Sunny
then the storm clouds
rolled in
dark skies
fierce winds
fragments of dreams
blowing all around
then it all
cleared away
and I saw
the twilight
in a golden way
now it is night
and there are stars
to be seen
I hear the call
of the owl
and I know
it echoes
across the galaxy
tonight

***

- 8/2/2025

99.

The stillness
the stillness
is what
I still cannot
comprehend
for sometimes
when you experience
a most absolute
stillness
you feel apart
from time
and the physical Universe
you feel separate
from the dominion
of sound
so much so
that flowers
start to seem
most unreal
at one time
I thought of
eternity
as the place
over a hill
I simply
cannot see yet
and so we go
onward
and the dogs
and crows
go onward together
in this stillness

***

- 8/3/2025

100.

My thoughts
flow and flow
and flow
like a river
guided by eternity
I seek nothing
but for an epiphany
at the crossroads
what I see
will reveal to me
the direction
I must go
and the birds
are reciting sonnets
in the dawn light
I wish to know
how to keep
the essence
of the forest
within me
at all times
I wish to see
for myself
what mostly
stays unseen
I want my compass
to reveal to me
that true north
is a destiny
to discovery
where shadows
and Sunlight
embrace
in fleeting moments

***

- 8/3/2025

101.

I am here waiting
for the night itself
to whistle to me
for the night
to show me
a wolf's fangs
I am looking
to see
if I can spot
any folds
in the cosmic shroud
I often wonder about
the celestial notions
of Ptolemy
and my last dream
was sometime
back in the spring
I'm just waiting now
waiting at three
in the morning
waiting under the stars
waiting to hear
a music
that isn't yet there

***

-8/3/2025

102.

The river
is flowing by
with a timeless grace
only the great
mother of nature
could have
conceived of
the grace
with which
this river flows
out here
out here early
like this
one is more able
to forget memories
if one is more able
to do so
one is more able
to hear the voice
of the great
mother of nature
that conceived
the graceful flowing
of the river

***

- 8/3/2025

- Pine Barrens

103.

What is out here?
there is light
out here
flowing water
out here
there is
eternity out here
immortal Sunlight
touching
tall blades
of grass

***

- 8/3/2025

- Pine Barrens

104.

Feeling myself
at the end
of a road
without end
here in this end
here in this place
contradictions grow
like weeds in the grass
I go along
each day
moving along
on the same
old trail
of the same old dust
time is not something
full of much
flowing energy here
time here
is as a hurricane
without wind
out here
on the old trail
contradictions grow
like fallen trees

***

- 8/17/2025

105.

Anyone
can feel the wind
that blows fierce
down from the north
to shake the Sunflowers
in the very soil
as the birds
go along
most indifferent
to our insanity
what whispers
shall rise
from the fields
this day
do you know about
illusions
do you recognize them
when they
follow you around
did you happen
to catch
the purpose
of that omen
that the raven
bestowed
are you with me still
will you continue
to follow
until the cold
of winter
freezes that impulse
to wander
that burns within us
like a bonfire

***

- 8/19/2025

106.

Now I'm
wandering about
in the garden
memories
of years lost to time
the Sun
bringing light
to each moment
now my bare feet
wandering
touching soil
and the Cosmos
upon a day
in the month
of August
now I behold
the roots
the stems
the galaxies afar
barefoot
walking upon
this Cosmic soil
of Summer

***

- 8/17/2025

107.

Now I find myself
questioning
my own belief
in many solid foundations
things that once
seemed unmovable
where once I heard
only silence
I now hear
a faint symphony
from out of
the shadows
of time itself
the shadows
that eventually
must give way
to the afternoon light
so I believed in something
that was only myth
and myth combined
with the light
of stars
so I once believed
in the fabrications
of distant
printing presses
I have always sought
to be rendered
enchanted
by the Moonlight

***

- 8/17/2025

108.

I am drifting
towards Ithaca
were that it was
my home
but it isn't
if Odysseus
were still there
but he isn't
I am drifting
towards a horizon
that is the boundary
of a dream
if only I could
stay forever
yet this cannot be
the waking world
needs its toil
and its taxes
yet for me this day
I am drifting
drifting along
towards Ithaca

***

-8/17/2025

109.

Music of a caravan
going by
music of
a carnival
in the streets
on the rooftops
we sent our dreams
into orbit
on that summer
afternoon
we saw the world
and we finally
knew it
drifting
dancing
floating away
up to Venus
we saw shepherds
in the Himalayas
up there
from a lunar ocean

***

- 8/17/2025

110.

Now I've got
about an hour
left to go
before I go back to
the maze
where no one escapes
unless the maze itself
allows it
had a good
reprieve for a day
now I'm going back
going back
that's just how
the cards got played
and all
the big screens
I would always
be there
alone with my dream
and the good old days
are over
not really certain
what's waiting
now I've got
only an hour
left to go
doing fine
I've got strong faith
that the Sun
will keep shining on
through to the end

***

- 8/18/2025

lll.

It's a new day
and there's
sinister looking
clouds out there
it's a new day
I bet it'll rain
within the hour
the hot pavement
cooled off for a spell
summer's magic
is out there still
and vines are
climbing higher
that's just
the way of things
the old wind chime
chimes an old tune
lets go
and feel the magic
of the season
lets go now
before the rain

***

-8/18/2025

112.

The streets
are in a gloom
the sense of doom
pouring out
of the streetlights
all the things
that were said
all the promises made
all for mere paper
and concepts
of thin air
having made it
this far
it's a bummer
to see what I've known
be lost
some chanting
about things
that are
already dust
time is very good
at upturning it all

***

- 8/18/2025

113.

A dragon
and aching tooth
haunt me
in the middle
of the night
gone are the years
of bright
bright tomorrows
the rains came
and washed away
the pillars
of everything
now I'm hearing music
listening to
the crickets chirping
in the night
so soon
the Byzantine Sun
sets over in
Constantinople
so soon the fog
drifts over
my sidewalk
meet me again
we'll explore
the piranha's palace
we'll play
miniature golf
in the royal court
of the noble Lion

***

- 8/19/2025

114.

Hearing the sounds
emerging from
the forest
there is the world
I want
there is the world
I believe in
when trucks
and trains
and all the machinery
of the noisy Earth
abounds
surrounds us
each hour
of day and night
in the forest
there's a world
beyond all this
industrialization
the seagulls above
call out
for salvation
calling me back
that forest
of the morning
is calling me back
speaking not with words
but with old memories

***

-8/19/2025

115.

Take a right turn
on second thought
better make it
a left
walking down
the street
while it's raining
immaculate wine
see through the fog
see through
the low cloud
the enormity
of a momentary thought
an escape
to the zoo
where I won't
ever be caught
a time to sing
a time to dance
a time for the sting
and thorn
of romance
here we go
down the street
with chalice
in my hand

***

- 8/20/2025

116.

Be an island
in a sea
of violets
don't you know
all the roses
once knew your name
cross that bridge
over to the shore
where orchids are
follow me down to
the invisible palace
words taken
out of context
arising like
Apollo's
chariot flame
a golden reflection
of a Minoan Sun
so we are
mixing diamonds
with stars

***

- 8/20/2025

117.

Wandering why
the sky is so blue
on the equinox
when a daydream
descends
like a feather
going down
the street
chasing after my muse
I don't pretend
it's not hard
to see
so I'm going
towards
a solitary island
sparkling serenity
she knew my name
once and then forgot
I'll carry
a feather pen
on my voyage
I know what I've got
I know this vision
is real Cosmic and wild

***

- 8/20/2025

118.

Out through
a revolving door
I'm heading out to
a pulsar
in my own
starry dream
trying to live
as a philosopher
and sage
in these days
of the rising tempest
awakening by night
falling asleep
by day
that old muse
of mine
went back
to ancient Egypt
that old muse
of mine
went to go look
Cleopatra in the eye
out through
the revolving door
the Universe
is my oyster
tonight

***

- 8/20/2025

Another day
just running along
on the spinning wheel
it spins
and spins
for no real
greater purpose
another day
behind
these all too
familiar walls
so many hours
days
years
spent behind
these same walls
they begin to seem
like the walls
of reality itself
and I suppose
that there's
a grueling truth
to be found there

***

- 8/21/2025

120.

Now listen
as the crow speaks
listen
as sirens blare
across the city
we wish
to find ourselves
on the brighter side
of the threshold
we wish to
find ourselves
in the bright
Sunshine of summer
for a thousand days
we'll have
a thousand dreams
we'll wander
the desert
in a caravan
we'll go and find
those lovely mirages
we know
are out there

***

- 8/21/2025

121.

Tomorrow
at the nine to five
daydreaming myself
into the blue sky
hearing
an eternal voice
feeling
an eternal wind
waiting for
the day
when I'll be
free out there
on the road
moving right along
to the next day
of the same
old thing
by the weekend
I'll be walking among
the Pine trees
liberated for a time
the quiet of the forest
like a sanctuary
like a cathedral
all my own

***

- 8/21/2025

122.

Getting through
the day
getting through
the night
going down
these old
railroad tracks
I'll be dreaming
they called me
on the telephone
to say hello
they called me on
the telephone
to say hello
but I was dreaming
at the time
going through
the cities
glowing
electric
full of life
going through
the desert
not much to see
horizon to horizon
I was dreaming
anyway
on that old train
of the starry nation
I was dreaming
anyway tonight

***

- 8/22/2025

123.

It all seems lost
when the candle expires
yet it returns again
with a new flame
with my candelabra
and my
bottle of wine
let us sing
to the owl
up there
sitting on
the tree branch
a wise old one
wouldn't you know
let us not
drag our feet
when the candle expires
let us bring forth
a new light
let us take
an old lantern
from the heavens
and bring that light
down to Earth

***

- 8/22/2025

That sky which
I do often behold
very early
in the morning
is like
a testament to me
revealing the hour
the great Cosmic clock
speaks in chimes
I go about
I look around
looking for
a beanstalk
to climb up to
the clouds
and now I make wishes
and now
I make decrees
living on the edge
of a scribe's
gilded page
I want to know
the voice of the hawk
carried on the wind

***

- 8/22/2025

125.

I have no words
to describe
the state of things
and all the golden calfs
now have
taken many forms
dazzling lights
paid for
on someone else's dime
I have no words
everything
is a mess
of complexity
yet for some
everything seems fine
and the stars
still shine
under any condition
it's only a matter
of seeing them
I have no words
hopefully
some good ones
will appear
for me someday
and be spoken

***

- 8/22/2025

Symmetry
of a sweet mirage
I want to
run to it there
it's looking like
a paradise
and what surrounds me
is far from it
so I want to
run to it there
and if it
all vanishes
I'd wish to vanish
along with it
symmetry
of a sweet mirage
I'll take
a paradise
that is only illusion
in these times
in these
troubled times
that's well
and good enough
for me

***

- 8/23/2025

127.

It's not really
a thing
to wonder about
it's not really
a thing to adore
do we really
want to bring
ourselves
down from the mountain
one look
at civilization
and I'm not so sure
yet there you are
believing in dreams
there you are
looking away
towards the big city
wishing and hoping
with such passion
when you see
a falling star

***

- 8/23/2025

You've got to
run the gauntlet
you see
you've got to
break through
get past
the whispering ones
the shouting ones
the heckling ones
the master
of the mind game
the ones who can see
who you really are
do you know
who you truly are
and have you
made peace with that
that's the key
to it there
you've got to
make a kind
of peace with it
no matter
how uneasy
you've got to
run the gauntlet
hold fast
break through
get past
the heckling ones
before you hear
that immaculate music

***

- 8/23/2025

129.

It's just
a summer
of doubled-down blues
there's been
an awakening
and a fading away
an ascending
and a falling down
into a pit
of confusion
there were other times
there were other days
when living
in this world
seemed so full
of sensation
now I feel
as numb
as the door
I hardly ever open
and it wasn't
a great summer
all of those
Sunshine days
were full
of false promises
and I'll have to
just wait it out now
someday it will
be over
winter will arrive
and cast a spell
with its ice
of forgetting

***

- 8/23/2025

130.

Bring me
back to my muse
bring me back
to her shack
way back
way back
deep in the bayou
bring me to
those glowing pearls
in the sea
bring me to
that threshold
of infinity
bring me
to somewhere
of an awakening sky
I wish to be
where the crows fly
bring me back
to where I can see
those sparkling stars
rising over
rising over

***

- 8/24/2025

131.

What a strange time
I can't help
that I feel that way
what a strange time
wouldn't you say
something's just missing
something
just doesn't seem aligned
what a strange time
like I'm walking
through a haze
most things
look the same
yet behind the curtain
there's disorder
I can't help
feel that way
I can't help
but to think
along these lines
invisible vines
are growing
all around
it's like
the Minotaur's maze
just looking
for a way out
just looking for
a little light
of clarity
shining through
underneath the door

***

- 8/24/2025

132.

Now is the time
when we should
seek to find
that light
the one that
sparks the imagination
brings us visions
brings to us
the sight of land
and oceans
far away
among distant stars
what can we
see within
we can see beyond
what we can find
in a dream
we can find
in a different reality
that we believe in

***

- 8/24/2025

133.

Guided by
subliminal moonlight
it followed me
across the span
of so many years
I try
and think myself
a believer in something
but it falters
again and again
now how are
you all doing
in the illusion
of a city
what do you see
in the mirrors
what catches
your fancy
I see you
are something
of a dreamer
like I was
the cold winds
of truth
will freeze
all of that in you

***

-8/24/2025

Another day
in the circus world
another day
in the world
of broken mirrors
or mirrors
that aren't
truthful enough
another day
with all of
the bizarre situations
another day
of all that was
never immaculate
walking down
cracked sidewalks
walking down streets
of an endless
mental fog
I stopped
looking for answers
now I simply allow
the confusion
and absurdity
to find a place
in my soul

***

- 8/24/2025

135.

The mind
can shatter
like a snow globe
thrown from
a mountaintop
when I am not
slipping away
into the folds
of time and space
I'm listening
to an old radio
drifting back
drifting back
to when
it all felt
so much more real
the mind can spin
like a pinwheel
the mind
can rise and fall
like an ancient empire
in the old school books

***

- 8/25/2025

136.

Somethings
are not so
blessed anymore
somethings
got lost
in the fog
and never reappeared
somethings
are just
an ancient philosopher's
drunken words
somethings
have crawled forth
from chasms
of ignorance
somethings
are bought and sold
with worthless money
somethings
just aren't as
they were before
as time is always
moving along
somethings
can't be given
a name
somethings
just defy explanation

***

- 8/25/2025

137.

Woke up
to the same room
same walls
same dusty windows
an hour to go
before I have
to be at
the office
not much time
to listen
to the morning birds
singing
I checked the news
nothing good
nothing inspiring
as is the norm
at least
the morning sky
was lovely
while it lasted
in the same
old world

***

- 8/25/2025

138.

Listening
to the crickets
out there
in the night
that sound
that primordial sound
it will
outlast us all
it will be
all that remains
when we are all
forgotten
when our civilizations
are gone
and our cities
are consumed
by vines and weeds
the sound
of the crickets
out there
in the night
will remain
like the lonely song
of a last call

***

- 8/25/2025

139.

Eternity
is out there
beyond
the glowing Moon
it's not down here
down here
things get crazy
all too soon
down here
so many
are still searching
for a dream
that never really was
though down here
some folks
still dream
of eternity
as it always was
without end
when nothing
is forsaken anymore
we'll look to
that vastness
beyond the Moon
and on that day
we'll recognize it
for what
we know it is
a threshold to eternity
a passage
to the home
that awaits us

***

- 8/25/2025

140.

A neighbor
out there
with a weedwacker
at six
in the morning
a rather large truck
driving down
the road
just a little
ways ahead
a clear sky
growing brighter
by the minute
the noisy
industrial world
is getting
back into the swing
of being noisy
once more
a new day
has arrived

***

- 8/26/2025

141.

In the end
it seems
the madhouse
will rule
over everything
in the end
we may realize
that we've just
been going
in circles
for centuries
in the end
many won't know
what to say
many will scoff
laugh
be angry
as the dust
settles around them
as the weeds grow
all around them
in the end
the madhouse
will become
all that we see
around us

***

- 8/26/2025

142.

Waking up
each morning
to the routine
that goes nowhere
the air seems dry
the colors seem faded
but I haven't
called it quits
I just keep
going along
moving towards
something I hope
seems real again
someday
in and out
of a moment
in time
the world
has seen it all before
there are few
truly original
surprises
these days

***

- 8/26/2025

143.

Listening nightly
to the radios
of distant Moons
what a variety
of songs
one can hear
listening
on the airwaves
of night
on the airwaves
of starry eternity
such music
never before
imagined
how I spend
so much
of my time
listening
to the songs
from out there
listening
to the songs
of the galaxy's
dreaming soul

***

- 8/27/2025

144.

The Moon
is a big
glowing fountain
tonight
high up there
over the plateau
of loneliness
a lone cactus
stands out there
like a monument
a rattlesnake
sleeps soundly
in pale Moonlight
now our dreams
are following us
yet they cannot
fill the chalice full
so we'll go
and wander
out beyond
searching for something
so elusive
so we feel
we'll remember it
when we see it again
in the Moonlight glow
out in the desert

***

- 8/28/2025

145.

Let's go dance
with these
visions of Mars
lets go wandering into
the hazy
energy field
of these electric guitars
lets go down
to the street corner
and find us
a prophecy
lets go out there
through
the window of time
we'll walk among
marble statues
each with
a glass of wine
lets go
lets go dance
with these
celestial visions
born of the night sky

***

- 8/28/2025

146.

Now I am
wondering
if this substance
of reality
is but
the vapor
of a dream
now I am
wondering
what is the reason
what is the purpose
of infinite questioning
how many ideologies
must be screamed
into the wind
where is
the horizon revealed
that will show to us
the light of tomorrow
as we search
among industrial ruins
and architecture
of vanity
why doesn't
tranquility
flow forth
from the great
fountain
any longer

***

- 8/29/2025

147.

Destitute
of a radiant purpose
can you feel it
the once
subtle energy
has grown cold
and venomous
and is not exactly
so subtle anymore
destitute
and without
a dream
of the future
to behold
as crows gather
on the telephone lines
they watch us
devour
our own civilization
they watch us
take the poison
of our passion
destitute
without ideals
we once believed in
how so little
we look upon
the stars now
perhaps it was
just not our time
or perhaps it was
and we missed it

***

- 8/29/2025

148.

Have you ever heard
one of those voices
that throws daggers
one of those voices
that multiplies
and becomes
a hurricane
have you ever heard
one of those voices
that cuts you
a thousand
different ways
leaving your thoughts
and your tranquility
in ruins
the flaming wreckage
of a peaceful night
have you ever
heard a voice
that waits for you
to awaken
and once you do
once you open
your eyes
there is only
accusations
lies
and lies upon lies
have you ever
opened your eyes
to such a scene
when words
from out of nowhere
seem to attack you
have you ever heard
the voice
from the strangest dream
that was real

***

- 8/29/2025

149.

Now we are all cast
into the wind
of stars
scattered across
vast and various
planes of reality
I wished for
no king
yet was dragged
before a throne
I wanted silence
yet I was given
the cacophony
of blackbirds
now we are all
scattered across
plateaus
of imagination
now we are all
wandering
into a desert
without
illuminated philosophy
in which direction
do we go
to find
the old wooden chapel
touched by
the dreaming star

***

- 8/30/2025

There upon
a cloud
of morning light
I'll get away
I'll bring myself
far away
when Summertime
was fine
but hectic
I'll escape
to those gilded
silver lines
of clouds
in the dawn's
kingdom
of awakening glow
I'll know
I'll know
when I am set free
from burdens
that have followed me
in the morning light
in the glowing light
in the hour
when magic is with us

***

- 8/31/2025

151.

Why am I
still hearing
an echo
of your voice
the exact
rotation
of the Earth
is set
the clock is set
exactly
to other clocks
and on up
the great
tree of time
perhaps for us
it'll be
a musical winter
I just don't know
these vines
you see growing
everywhere
they hold
ancient wisdom
they hold
so much memory
it's as if
they wait for us
to look
to the Sundial
can you see
yourself there
in the uncharted
sea of time

***

- 8/31/2025

152.

We're waiting
for the true dream
the one that
fills us with promise
as the heavy thoughts
weigh us down
as golden illusions
deceive our eyes
we're waiting
for the radiant dream
the immaculate dream
the one that
does not fade
the one that
does not disappear
the one that remains
generation to generation

***

- 8/31/2025

153.

Singing the songs
of the soil
dreaming the dreams
that linger
high up
in the tall trees
in a summer breeze
I'll be singing
the songs
from the realm
of memory
in the sky
I'll be singing
the songs
of the great
by and by
I'll be walking
with you
down that path
in the forest
I'll be singing
with you
of tomorrow's
Sunshine ablaze

***

- 8/31/2025

154.

Here be
the idol
of my eyes
here be the truth
of our mythical ways
here be
the old pocket watch
of an old story
here be the old
sea captain's hat
of bygone
maritime days
here be
a locket of hair
from a maiden
I loved one fair spring
long ago
time separates
yet can bring
such reminiscences
back around again
through memories
falling like
a winter's snow

***

- 8/31/2025

155.

Sunday night
out on the porch
last night
of August
watching a couple
of snails
race towards
the Sunrise
that will be
alas.....
these quiet moments
are like
little jewels
of time
when I look
to the sky
and see
the constellations
I see them
come alive
like ancient visions
reaching out across
so many centuries

***

- 8/31/2025

156.

The excellence
of a Super Nova
star gold
cosmic space
I seek to find
my balance
in the radio wind
a tempest stirs
throughout
this metropolis
of bitter illusion
the times
are giving us signs
if we can
see them
with an echoing voice
a city
crying out
to the Sun
let us accept
the path
we must follow
let us accept
the salvation
of a shining
memory

***

- 9/1/2025

There I looked
and I beheld
destiny
aligned with
the winds
of tomorrow
there I saw
the albatross above
there I saw
the stars
so faintly through
the azure sky
when will
my tomorrow
be revealed
will I ever
recognize
my own oracle
my own prophecy
is the truth lost
or have we
hidden it by choice
how I've wandered
a barren land
how I've wandered
a barren land
bring me to
your ocean's edge
bring me to
your Queen of waves
I'll call upon you
before the end
sages ..... dreamers
navigators
of the starlight

***

- 9/1/2025

158.

Do you feel
it there
the earthquake
that hasn't
happened yet
do you see them there
the anointed stars
of the constellation
Libra
do you feel
the coldness
the wildness
of the northern wind
do you echo
all of tomorrow's
possibilities
that you've seen
as visions
in the mirror
will you wander
with me
for centuries
without direction
will you cross
deserts with me
tundras
wastelands of ideology
searching for
a future of promise

***

- 9/1/2025

159.

Listening
to the silence
I just hear
a faint violin
playing from
the depths of time
across the city
there's millions
of voices speaking
yet I just hear
the silence
in-between
their words
now moving on
to a different oasis
now moving on
away from
my crystalized
memories
now I've got
an eagle to follow
now I'll make
for shallow water
now I'll go back
to my exile
now I'll raise
my glass to the wind

***

- 9/1/2025

160.

Like feathers
drifting down slowly
like a candle's light
seen through
an hourglass
like a Sunflower
amidst post-industrial
scenes
in which direction
shall we go
when the question
is asked
and so I am
beginning
to listen to
the music
of the spheres again
I am beginning
to revolutionize
my own understanding
all that is
woven into
the very fabric
of our thoughts

***

- 9/2/2025

161.

Looking through
a window
to the sea
that's where
the serenity
is to be found
that you seek
I see it there
upon glaring waves
I can take
my own soul
back a thousand years
and look back forward
and look back ahead
I can conjure
paradoxes
from hearing words
that others have said
and when the storm
embraces me
I look through
the window
upon glaring waves
I look to
a horizon beyond
my limited senses

***

- 9/2/2025

The silence
is tonight
like the blade
of a knife
the silence
is like a thorn
on a rose
I've never seen
tonight the silence
is like a dream
that makes you
wonder
if it's real
the silence
makes you feel
the very silence
of the silence
itself
tonight the silence
is like
a fading light
tonight the silence
is like the blade
of a knife

***

- 9/2/2025

Bring us
some purpose
glowing
like a star
make us see
a line of sight
that reveals
infinity
we behold
the whims
of the world
going around
in circles
we behold
the island
of morning light
out there
in the sea
so dream
and dream
and never stop
dreaming
the starry night
is your canvas
to paint
the visions
of your soul
so dream
and dream
and forget me not
when you recognize
the brightest star
you see

***

- 9/3/2025

164.

Another day
in the labyrinth
of the pointless
another day
in the absence
of a hopeful wind
another day
searching for
a bluer sky
another day
to realize
we've lost ourselves
in a fading haze
won't you
open your eyes
bright and true
let this vision
mesmerize
won't you keep it
won't you keep it
in that
holy place within
we all dream
of hours
of Moonlight and wine
yet we know
this isn't
the right time
our hour
is out there
upon the sea
or up there now
amidst the stars
of eternity

***

- 9/3/2025

Palaces of dirt
palaces of dust
take me to
the ocean's edge
to behold the waves
we once believed
in many things
yet we were simply
naive fools
over the boundary
over the stone wall
build us a palace
that will not
blow away
in the wind
seek to bring us
wisdom
seek to reveal
to us
a glorious lie
up in the sky
we'll see the birds
that always
have the choice
to fly away

***

- 9/4/2025

166.

Lost in a maze
of my own
unfocused pondering
often I am simply
waiting for words
to appear before me
like the darkened Sun
during an eclipse
I am no seeker
of shadows
I am their connection
to the twilight
my craft
is of the vision
my soul is of
the celestial sea
I am one
who ever awaits
the Full Moon's return
I am one
ever enchanted
by the light
of the star
and of the candle

***

- 9/4/2025

167.

I was lost
in a fog
rising from
the fragments
of a shattered truth
the influencers
influenced us
with words
that sounded
like rolling waves
I was lost
in a fog all day
my century
has been one
of hard truth
how it rises
like the golden Sun
in the eastern sky
in the eastern sky
we saw the omens
we can never deny
yet we found
ourselves
moving towards
dystopia
how couldn't we see
how couldn't we know
we wanted miracles
at our command
yet they began
slowly moving away
from us
fading away
leaving us
in a world of fog
and shattered truth

***

- 9/5/2025

168.

Sound the trumpet
blast the door
here comes awakening
bright like
close proximity
to the Sun
we'll create
our own fiefdom
we'll grow
beanstalks that reach
up to castles
in the clouds
sound the trumpet
open the door
quickly
with your
magic key
we're going back
to the home
we've always
wished for
we're going now
we're going now
the symmetry
of lies
often dissolves
quickly
in the bright afternoon
light of the candle
light of the oasis
light of
the mariner's lantern

***

- 9/5/2025

169.

Tonight
I am waiting
for the last shadow
tonight
I have withdrawn
my hopes
from the sky
tonight
I am willing
to tell a lie
if that will
give me a chance
to feel
something real
tonight
I will steal
and not be troubled
for I saw it all
turn to ashes
I was left
to be cold
and so am cold
I was shown
a tintype
of the last shadow
and so
I am waiting
and so
I am waiting
for my beloved
crescent Moon

***

- 9/5/2025

170.

I am hearing
the living song
I am dreaming
of a place
where I am
free of it all
I am listening
to the weaver
the tinker
the wine drinker
the sonneteer
I am moving
closer towards
an emerald year
I am not of wind
nor of fire
not any more
I am of
the solitude
in the quiet hour
I am of
the rolling hills
in a desperate dream
I am of
the risen Sun
shining down upon
upon the electric city
out on
the vast plateau

***

- 9/6/2025

171.

I did not feel
the raw deal
until it was
too late for me
that's just how
it sometimes goes
in this land
of the plow
and of fallen snow
in winter
I did not feel
the sand
of the hourglass
slipping through
my fingers
I saw nothing
I heard nothing
until that
crucial moment
it was then
that I could see
so many blackbirds
in the trees

***

- 9/6/2025

172.

I wander
a valley in the shade
I climb
a ziggurat
in the wind
I find myself
questioning
so many things
so often
a purpose
remains elusive
and so I climb
the ladder
of a dream
so I climb
so I climb
you will be
with me
you will be
with me
to wherever
we climb
a castle
in the clouds
sometimes
I lose myself
in regrets
yet this time
this time
you'll be with me
as we approach
the realm
of forever

***

- 9/7/2025

173.

Time is
a river
that flows on
it brings changes
with its current
it flows over us
it flows
over everything
it carries us
forward
yet does also
bring us
to look back
from time
to time
time is a river
that flows
on and on
it flows through
the land of today
it flows through
the land
of tomorrow

***

- 9/7/2025

174.

Sometimes
despite appearances
nobody wins
and everybody loses
sometimes
the sting
of the thorn
won't find us
today
yet it's waiting
for us
down the long road
of tomorrow
sometimes
some folks
don't get it right
despite appearances
nobody wins
the fight
nobody wins
when the light
still grows dim
down the road
of tomorrow
the sting
of the thorn
is waiting there
sharp as the words
of an omen
we couldn't perceive

***

- 9/7/2025

175.

There it goes
devouring
the tranquility
there it goes
spreading like
bat wings
over the prairie
there it goes
to be seen
through a window
out in
the fallen snow
there it goes
there it goes
let's turn it
around
lets make
the beacon brighter
lets wish upon
falling stars
lets wish upon
chicken bones
lets look for
islands
of the star map
lets raise
this cup of wine
to the Constellations
above

***

- 9/7/2025

176.

I am searching
for a world
that is an island
in the clouds
over the mountains
in the reign
of the King
and Queen
of the orchid
I wandered
from village
to village
among a band
of troubadours
I was so full
of purpose
and now
do you listen
when the chimes
of the grandfather clock
echoes of memory
echoes of
so many years
I have arisen
from what was before
and now I fly
like the hawk
in the sky
of what is
yet to be

***

- 9/7/2025

177.

They're waiting
for me
to proclaim something
the system
with fewer and fewer
nuts and bolts
and more
and more
computer algorithms
time itself
is an ocean
one vast ocean
whether you
ponder that or not
you may choose
to pretend
about a place
in time
yet the place
in time
more often
chooses you
what is it
you seek to find
are you searching
for a river flowing
with memory
as I have been
do you feel estranged
from the Sundial
as many of us do
in this age
of aimless wandering

***

- 9/4/2025

178.

Far out
in a desert
under a Full Moon
I saw a great
beehive
out of place
yet full of truth
now in these times
the watchers
always watching
calamity
sold off
as a great deal
and listening
to the sound
of the wind
makes you contemplate
the realty of it
don't go
following the Sunset
before its time
believe as we believe
and that is
a question
not a decree

***

- 9/4/2025

179.

Got all tangled up
in the vines today
they're growing
over everything
it's like
they're taking
over the world
and I let loose
an echo
as I beheld
a falling star
got a debt to pay
that doesn't forgive
got to work
so many hours
to survive
or I'll be left
wandering under
a merciless Sun
so give me
your dreams
though I can't
give you mine
the vines
are growing
up to the roof
satellites
can never redeem us
they'll come back
to us eventually
like so many
Roman Candles

***

- 9/1/2025

180.

Nine times tonight
I saw
the celestial vision
without
hearing a sound
with only
the light
of the Moon
nine times
I saw something
that could not be
yet is
I can see it
so clearly now
I believe in it
so emphatically now
I travel down
the roads
between the stars
on such a journey
this night
on such a journey
forever

***

- 9/8/2025

181.

I am pulled
by some kind
of gravity
towards
inevitable folly
I am pulled towards
a dance
of the stars
I never knew
what true
ambition was
I never knew it
until I let
everything else go
and once I saw
the raven
spread its wings
and once I saw
a century ago
in the colorful
twilight sky
I knew
I knew then
I was a sailor
upon a ship
in a bottle

***

- 9/8/2025

182.

Nightbirds
singing a few
of their old
favorite
night songs
as roses
are growing
as the Sea of Tranquility
up above
is glowing
the night birds
sing of the mystery
the night birds sing
of all the visions
made real
and I'll be
searching for
the knowledge
I'll be searching
for the wisdom
hearing the melodies
hearing the melodies
hearing the words
of the old night songs
as roses are growing

***

- 9/9/2025

183.

Galleons
upon the Moon
up there
everything has
a certain
kind of magic
down here
the magic
gets chased away
in the mid-day haze
a metropolitan
cacophony
irises and geraniums
bring to the eyes
a little bit
of that archaic wonder
the Moon
and a song
a river
and a valley
before the eyes
of a traveler

***

- 9/9/2025

184.

I was not
where I was
it seemed
not entirely
as if caught up
in a fierce wind
I was thrown about
in and out
of a dreamworld
that was
very real
I knew that
the physical
was not all
there was
I knew there was
an enchanted isle
out there
waiting for me
out there
upon an ocean
of time
and of waves
out there
where eternity
is always my dream
how I seek
to reveal it all
in good time
that candlelight
through a window
I see
there is the meaning
there can be found
the true meaning

***

- 9/10/2025

185.

When it all
just seems
like a storm
that never ends
when it just seems
like so much
madness
brought on
by the Moonlight
maybe
and I've seen
a lot in my time
but nothing
like this
when the vultures
above
are circling
I know my mind
and I know
how far
its drifted away
from that
familiar shore

***

- 9/11/2025

186.

I am touched
by that magic
that flows
from the bright Moon
up there
and radiant
up there
shining like
a star
but not a star
I am hearing
whispers
in the wind
songs
songs of
a thousand years ago
they awaken
something
within me
something that mingles
with the
flowing magic
of the bright Moon
growing stronger
full of radiant magic

***

- 9/12/2025

187.

I am following
the course
of the wind
to where
it shall guide me
towards that light
out there
growing brighter
out there on
the horizon
out there over the sea
I am following
the course
of the wind
back to so many
of the places
I've been
back to feel
the essence
of a different time
among the vines
of memory
that rise up
and grow
out of the soul
of this land

***

- 9/12/2025

188.

I hear you
tomorrow's song
in the wind
blessed be the songs
of each
and every
new season
I hear you
I can hear you now
voice singing
of tomorrow's dawn
among the clouds
beneath the clouds
I can see horizons
that will not
be seen
for another
hundred years
of all this light
of all this
shining light
of a morning Sun
of this moment
of a hundred years
a thousand
and beyond
so far ..... far beyond

***

-9/12/2025

Here I am
going along
feeling as if
the world does not
wish it so
yet how can
the world know
hear my truth
hear my story
now before
the new beginning
of something
extraordinary
I am wishing
for peace
for peace to shine
its light that shines
its light reveals
a future time
what can be
what can be
how it all
can be so different
with that feeling now
getting that
feeling now
how the world
does wish for
such a change

***

- 9/13/2025

190.

Hearing
the night owl speak
the most wisdom
I've ever heard
across the field
of tall grass
touched by the glow
of the starry
celestial candles
of the heavens
across the meadow
touched by the light
of the ancient
lunar lantern
up above

***

- 9/13/2025

191.

Morning of
the quiet symphony
dawn of
the immaculate
horizon ablaze
we are all
just beginning
to understand
some things
in the light
of the dawn
we see the possibilities
of tomorrow
now don't you see
now don't
you believe
believe and
free yourself
from the shackles
of not knowing
believe
believe
sail away
to an island
of destiny
yours
mine
believe
believe in it
and everything
will be fine

***

- 9/14/2025

192.

Feel the song
feel the song
while you still can
if tomorrow
is a dream
feel the song now
and become immortal
immortal
as the very song
do not drift away
do not steal
from thy brother
nor thy sister
depart the ocean
of all sorrow
find yourself
in the forest
of eternal
morning light
seek and you may find
seek and you
may never find
bound by
the ancient vines
bound by
the remembrance
of a distant hour
when the shroud
is lifted
we shall rediscover
the time ....the ocean
the nautical Sun

***

- 9/13/2025

193.

Stealing the wind
from an
oceanic morning
I'll keep it all
for myself
it'll carry me away
to the
Sea of Tranquility's shores
the tides
will follow me
and time
will follow me
of course
like a diamond
like a smooth
and sharp
crystalline embodiment
of time
conceived in a vision
an echo of the drama
an echo
of all the history
echo of an essence
dreamt of
and known again
with the sound
of a wind chime

***

- 9/13/2025

194. LEFT OFF

I carry an ocean
with me
in my pocket
I have carried it
with me
since the days
of my youth
and I carry
with me
sea serpents
and old lovely
tintype photographs
of mermaids
I carry them all
with me
as I go about
through this world
when the frozen ice
yields to
the sovereignty
of the Sun
I carry with me
the memory
of a distant isle
where I had once
forgotten the world
ever so completely

***

- 9/13/2025

195.

Muse of candlelight
and celestial light
muse of the light
of a new beginning
light of a world
where seeds
are planted
and flowers
are growing
yet also where
aerial bombs
of destruction
are mass produced
and so I say to you
my muse
I will know
your light again
I shall bring
your light
into my soul
I shall give wings
to so many words
and free them to fly
in the azure
realm above
as the clouds go by
and drift away

***

- 9/13/2025